



The Death of the Poet Who Wrote This Story



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Chapter 1 by Eric Reilly

Because you, whoever you are that decided to leisurely pay a visit to that relic of civilization known as a book store, are a fool with the utmost detestable taste and lack of respect for the craft of a wordsman like myself, you picked up this book. You probably had the most commonplace question (if he died then how'd he write the book?) of an unimaginative and uncouth invertebrate, and just needed to find out the answer. But if you want it, you'll have to be willing to stomach my cruel insults and ridicule, as I am dead, and there can be no reprisal against me. So joke's on you, reader.

But since you're obviously not at work or important enough to do anything else, I'll indulge your semi-literate mind, you cad, and do my best to narrate in the tone of a father instructing his 2 year old so that you may grasp the very subtle and profound metaphysical complexities which led me to write this story, and how that story led to my death, in which you, whom this book was intended, are an accomplice.

But I won't begin from the beginning because linear narratives in this case would fail to appreciate the winding circular and yet deterministic world of which you and I were elements, arranged in a harmonious order according to Nature and its guiding rational laws. And to those laws we were bound, and we, as rational individuals (myself anyway) capable of self-conscious comprehension of ourselves and external objects through the whole process of sensory perception, inference, abstraction from immediacy, and deductions of conclusions which necessarily follow from the premises we build out of the apparent necessity of phenomena arising out of the great god of Chance that often feels to us as if it reigns supreme in this

turbulent world of ours - chaotic enough for this book to be about this book and you are reading the very book that is about this book.

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I'll tell you: this was as intended. I defer to my authority on the philosophical problem of inevitability and life, for life is no more than a cycle of birth and

death and rebirth until we finally reach its conclusion.

If any of this sounds inspired by Stoic or Buddhist thought, don't be absurd. These are truths anyone can understand intellectually. But one cannot truly know them, though they know **about them** maybe - until they let go of themselves and their thoughts (a form of existential death, as such), and experience it. The experience is the evidence.

As Jimi Hendrix once asked, 'Have you ever been experienced?'

Well, I have. And now you will be too. And in my death, don't be naive enough to believe you know how this ends. Death is not the end of life. Death is the end of an individual life. And so the end of this story may surprise you, and, if you read it as you should, with careful meticulous attention to detail, you might surprise me as well.

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